



romantic scenery, and in the romantic scenes of the year. It seemed as if I had entered upon a new scene of existence. A train of combustible feelings were lighted up in me, and my soul was all tenderness and passion. Never was youth more completely love-sick, though as yet it was a mere general sentiment, and evaded a definite object. In this I was really, and not merely, particularly defective in society, and I languished in vain for some diversion, to which I might offer up this uneasy brother of affection. I was at one time seriously mangled of a lady whom I saw occasionally in my ride, reading at the window of a country-seat; and actually sacrificed her with my fate; when, to my confusion, I discovered that she was old enough to be my mother. It was a sad damper to my romance; especially as my father heard it, and made it the subject of one of those jokes, which were every man's meat.

I was recovered from this check, however, but it was only to enter into a state of anxious excitement. I passed whole days in the fields, and near the brooks; for there is something in the tender passion that makes love alive to the beauty of nature. A soft, sunshiny morning infused a sort of rapture into my heart. I flung open my eyes, like the Greek youth in Ovid, as I would take in and embrace the balmy atmosphere. The song of the birds met me with a strain, and I was lost in the sweet sounds from the boughs on its banks, and in the shade of its leafy boughs.

The words of my tutor were over all, however, and I was again in the state of anxious excitement. I passed whole days in the fields, and near the brooks; for there is something in the tender passion that makes love alive to the beauty of nature. A soft, sunshiny morning infused a sort of rapture into my heart. I flung open my eyes, like the Greek youth in Ovid, as I would take in and embrace the balmy atmosphere. The song of the birds met me with a strain, and I was lost in the sweet sounds from the boughs on its banks, and in the shade of its leafy boughs.

In this state of anxious dilemma, I was strolling one morning along a beautiful wild brook, which I had discovered in a glen. There was a place where a small waterfall, leaping from rocks into a natural basin, made a scene so poetical that it might have been chosen as the haunt of some nymph. I was so lost in the beauty of the scene, that I could not even see the waterfalls, which I had just passed.

My eye accidentally caught two or three half-wild water-fallows, lying on the ground. The unknown nymph had doubtless dropped them from her bosom. Here was a new document of life and sentiment. I treasured them up as mementos. In this place, too, I found a few flowers, which were more delicate and beautiful than those I had ever seen.

I endeavored to track my steps, but they only passed for a few paces along the boughs, and then were lost in the bushes. I was again in the state of anxious excitement, and the morning was over.

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ever is of sufficient importance to agitate you, is worthy of being communicated to me."

"Well! but my thoughts are running on what you would think a frivolous subject."

"No subject is frivolous, that has the power to affect me from my father, and a loud little noise from my two sisters."

"I thought?" echoed he, as soon as he could recover himself, "in love with a footstep? Why, this beats the old lady at the window!" And then there was another appalling burst of laughter.

Glenore almost started at the question. "Do you call that a frivolous subject?" replied he.

"Believe me, there is none more fraught with such deep, such vital interest. If you talk, indeed, of a frivolous inclination awakened by the charms of perishable beauty, I grant it to be idle in the extreme; but that love which springs from the concordant sympathies of virtuous hearts, is love which is awakened by the touch of a true heart, and which is the most precious of all."

"I lay overwhelmed by that noise, and, as I was about to speak, I heard my father's voice again, and I was silent again."

"And that is what you were ashamed to tell me?"

"I was never so lost in the world, but I could not tell him that."

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"I am not



